

THE MORNING ASTORIAN
Established 1873.

Published Daily by
THE J. S. DELLINGER COMPANY.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

By mail, per year.....\$7 00
By mail, per month..... 80
By carrier, per month..... 75

WEEKLY ASTORIAN.
L. mail, per year, in advance ..\$1 00

Entered at the postoffice at Astoria, Oregon as second-class matter.

Orders for the delivery of **THE MORNING ASTORIAN** to either residence or place of business may be made by postal card or through telephone. Any irregularity in delivery should be immediately reported to the office of publication.

Telephone Main 661.



JAPAN'S INGENUITY.

Pending the discussion of the peace negotiations, and in anticipation of an armistice, the Japanese have displayed in ingenious diplomatic quality in forcibly acquiring the island of Sakhalin. At any time within several months they could readily have achieved this object. The small Russian garrison was entirely inadequate for its defense. Russia no doubt wondered why the task had not been accomplished earlier. It would have been, perhaps, except that Japan felt that there was better use for her troops elsewhere. This is taken as one of the strongest indications of a permanent peace—for, the Japanese being in possession of this outpost of Russian territory, it can rightly be considered as theirs by conquest when the plenipotentiaries engage in their peace deliberations. The Japanese are really entitled to the island of Sakhalin, as it is a part of the Japanese archipelago, and they were the original owners of it. In 1875 the Russians acquired it by a compulsory treaty with Japan and now, in the days of their glory, the subjects of the Mikado are not likely to forget the conditions that existed three decades ago. The well timbered island will add greatly to the territory of Japan, and its undeveloped resources will materially increase the wealth of the Inland Empire.

CUSTOMS INSPECTION.

Collector Stranahan illustrates the value of having in public office men of common sense and initiative in small matters. These things, which many officials think beneath their attention, are of far more importance than is commonly supposed in promoting the easy transaction of business and the comfort of the people. Just as Postmaster Wilcox's recent circular urging the early posting of business letters has to a considerable extent relieved the congestion of the office and facilitated more prompt deliveries for everybody's benefit, so Collector Stranahan's plan of sending abroad to every tourist registered on the steamship list a pamphlet clearly describing the customs regulations and instructing him as to his rights and obligations in the matter of imports has reduced by more than half the usual friction between officials and returning travellers. Of course, nobody expects the tariff laws to be popular with tourists. No tax is popular. It is not a question of a tariff for protection or for revenue only. Any duties at all on articles which Americans wish to bring home would be obnoxious. It is human nature to dislike the custom house. Yet, if we are to collect the customs revenue at all—and nobody proposes to abandon it—the traveller can not be passed unimpeded, as a petty retail importer, beneath the notice of a great nation, for such a course would open the doors to wholesale fraud. There have at times indeed, been just complaints against unnecessary restrictions and harsh methods of administration, which have been largely corrected. Most of the trouble at the piers has been due, however, to misunderstanding. Travellers did not know what to do. If they made wholesale declarations, hoping to pay and get through quickly, they subjected themselves to the necessity of showing up goods to the full measure of the declaration, often a difficult task. And if they declared nothing, they provoked question about what was in their baggage. If every traveller arranges his baggage so as to exhibit what he knows is dutiable, and otherwise seeks to make easy compliance with the necessary formalities, his journey through the customs lines will be quicker and pleasanter for himself and the officials. This adjustment is what Collector Stranahan has sought with great good sense, and apparently he has secured it, for the complaint correspondence of the Customs House has been cut down to one third of what it was before he began sending out his pamphlet.

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IN LIGHTER VEIN

Same Tobacco

"Now, what the dickens!" said the brutal husband. "What on earth is the matter with this tobacco of mine? It smells like a rubber shoe and tastes like medicine."

"Why, my dear," said the trusting wife, "it scented the house all up with that horrid tobacco smell, and so I poured a lot of my favorite perfume into the tobacco jar."—Judge.

A Sledgehammer Knock.

"Well," said Mrs. Casey, proudly, "my Jawn wuz wan o' th' pallbearers at the funeral of th' rich Phelim Donovan th' day."

"Aw!" retorted Mrs. Cassidy, jealously, "twas well fitted for th' job yer husband was, sure, he used to carryin' the bier that some wan else pays fur"—Philadelphia Press.

How She Dressed.

Calvert, Jr.—There's a young woman who dresses just to suit me.

Batty Moore—I don't see that she's such a much of a dresser.

Calvert, Jr.—You don't know. She can get ready to go some place quicker than any other girl I ever took out.—Baltimore American.

Heroism.

"Not all the courage in this world is displayed on the battlefield."

"No," replied the inveterate bachelor, "I've known men who have been married for years and kept on doing their best without a word of complaining."—Chicago Record-Herald

Alas!

The suit I got but yesteryear

And have so little worn,

To rummage sale is doomed, I fear;

Of dignity all shorn;

The coat too tight, the vest too low,

The trousers here too wide

And here too narrow—long ago

'Twas labeled "countryified."

My "auto," ah, my "auto" fine,

But lately bought and tamed!

When I regard its gauche design

I swear I'm quite ashamed.

With exclamation points galore

The catalogues connive

To show how model 'ninteen-four

Is ranked by 'ninteen-five.

My camera was scarce in hand

And settled was the bill,

Before I noted that the brand

Was changed and bettered still.

And work on which a painful while

One dentist bored and grooved

Ensuing dentist called "old style"

And said should be removed.

And, oh, my wife, who once I thought

Perfection apex crowned!

She whom through all the world I sought

Before herself I found,

Not even here did I succeed

And foil for aye regret—

A blonde she is, and now I read

The fashion is brunette!

—Edwin L. Sabin, in Brooklyn Life.

The Chorus.

Ah, here comes the chorus,

Clothes are scant and porous.

Pretty girls,

Lots of curls.

The mushy songs may bore us,

The comedian may floor us,

But not the Mays and Doras

In the Ide-
Chorus.

—Princeton Tiger.

A Seaside Idyl.

He sat on the beach hour after hour,

And gazed and gazed with a seven-

man power,

While beautiful women strayed to and

fro,

With skirts to their knees and rarely

below—

Who's to blame?

He gazed and he gazed at the charms un-

hid,

And the women all knew it—you bet

they did—

But still in their gambols his glance

they brooked,

For they knew there was only, if still

he looked,

How to blame,

—

Eligible.

Official—I can't appoint your friend

to office.

Senator—Why not.

Official—I find he's only a second-rate

man.

Senator—Well, he wants to be a

fourth-class postmaster.—Pittsburg

Post.

THE EDITOR'S MUSINGS

"Every little while"—with apologies to good Fra Elbertus, and whom, by the way, has been snubbed most deplorably by the Portland exposition officials because he has seen fit to untie his marital knot and return to the sympathetic realm of bachelorhood—there will appear in these columns, material representations of ethereal conceits which emanate from that wobbly substance dwelling in my cerebral cavity, or with the respect due my contemporary of the "afternoon wail, etc.—from my cerebellum. I do not suppose that these mental perambulations will bring me worldly renown as one "well up in thau-maturgy"—I am diffident in presenting them, but realizing that the sixteen-foot ceiling which graces my sanctum will permit inspirations to soar higher than some of the contrivances of our aeronautic aspirants, I cling to the hope that the offerings of my grey matter may prove readable.

My eyes rest on glaring headlines which tell of a negro, who, for the sake of a few paltry pieces of gold, wantonly murdered eleven human beings. My first thought is to condemn, not only this brute, but his race. Recalling the achievements of that estimable man, Booker T. Washington, that old saw to the effect that "it's not a man's prerogative to judge" runs through my mind and I am almost induced to sit on the fence and whittle a splinter. Notwithstanding, two arguments are presented and I can not resist the temptation of dwelling upon the much mooted question of color. "Is assimilation possible between the whites and blacks?" "Can the good accomplished by the few, balance the crime of the many?" Either query is worthy of a good sized volume, rather than the limited space these columns afford. The first causes the mind to revert to the motives which actuated Abraham Lincoln to conceive the emancipation proclamation. Lincoln was a deep student—he was not the rough diamond, the crude man with high ideals just a little beyond his comprehension, as some persons fondly picture him. It requires only the faithful reading of his many efforts to arrive at this conclusion. He gave the question of color more conscientious study than any who preceded him or those who have followed. Had he not been taken from us so suddenly the people of this country would have seen that never, at any time, did he ever entertain the thought of encouraging negro equality. His pre-eminent desire was to eliminate slavery which he rightfully considered a detriment to the progress of the country, secondarily he responded to the cry of humanity. None but the hypocritical today can take exception to Lincoln's policy. He freed the blacks and likewise freed the country from a curse. Could he have anticipated the indignities showered upon the people of the South during the reconstruction period, he would not have deviated one iota from his purpose. The thought of "slavery" was dominant in his mind, all his physical and mental energy was concentrated toward obliterating this appalling blight on our fair country. He succeeded, but the cost—he died a martyr, the victim of a cowardly assassin. Some may say that what Lincoln did or did not do is neither here nor there so far as the question of negro equality is concerned. This contention is erroneous. Lincoln had more to do with the negro than any of us, and he did not advocate equality, nor does President Roosevelt. The chief executive has been harshly criticized for entertaining Mr. Washington and also for placing negroes in office in the South, as collectors of ports, as postmasters and in other capacities. Naturally the protests of the Southern people must be respected to a certain extent. They are reluctant to bow to the authority of representatives of a people who were their bondservants. But let us look in to the things that have led to President Roosevelt's recognition of Booker T. Washington. Here is a man, he was once an ordinary "nigger" as the expression goes; today he enjoys the distinction of being a negro. From the illiterate son of a likewise illiterate slave, he has climbed to the topmost rung of the ladder of fame, he is more erudite than the average white man of culture. He has devoted his life to bettering the people, a super-human task; he has sacrificed every opportunity for personal gain that the Tuskegee institute might be placed upon a substantial financial basis. Are the successes of this man, the years of toil, conscientious effort inspired only by himself, to go without recognition, wholly unrewarded? In his thousands of utterances, can any be distinguished that have asked for the acceptance of his people as the moral, intellectual and social equals of the whites? His one plea has been that he be assisted in bringing his people to a higher plane of life; the request is ex-

ceedingly reasonable. Too much cannot be done for the Tuskegee institute. If the people will but realize that Lincoln did not advocate negro equality, that McKinley was opposed to it, and that Roosevelt and Booker T. Washington appreciate how impossible total assimilation between the whites and blacks would be, there would be infinitely less of the disaffection prevalent today. Returning to the crime of this negro who killed eleven persons aboard a schooner off the Honduran coast. His was but one of a hundred crimes of which we have read. Hardly a day passes but what we read of some burly black attacking a white woman, assaulting her or committing murder. These crimes serve to illustrate how wide is the gulf between the whites and the black. While I realize that stringent measures should be adopted to stop these outrages, I certainly do not approve of any thing that savors so much of cannibalism, as burning at the stake or lynching. The only way we can successfully deal with the negro is to hold him at arm's length. As a race, we can not recognize him as an individual, yes. All that Booker T. Washington can do, however, will not be sufficient to warrant our accepting his people, nor will it serve to relieve the agony and suffering following the ravages of those of his color.

In Tuesday's Oregonian, Harry Murphy, the irrepressible cartoonist of that enterprising daily paper, graced the issue with a unique conception of Dr. Estes' corporeal appendage, which he termed, "an imposing front." One similarly afflicted considers Mr. Murphy's drawing, a piece of brazen affrontery and is actuated to convey his sincere sympathy to Dr. Estes—come to think of it, appendage would imply "subordinate."

Thought of our American plutocracy—for those without dictionaries, "vulgarity"—enters my mind. It is hardly fair to judge all wealthy people as belonging to this element. There is one man, whom I had the pleasure of meeting the other day, a millionaire, so they say; I know him to be a railroad magnate and a large manipulator in the field of finance. His name is Hammond, A. B. Hammond, president of the C. & E. and A. & C. railways, of the Missoula, Mont., mercantile company and of half a hundred other concerns. Mr. Hammond was in the city for several hours. The occasion of the visit was important and he was exceptionally busy. I had asked him for a few minutes and returned to the office expecting to be advised later, by telephone, that Mr. Hammond was awaiting me. Imagine my surprise when Mr. Hammond walked into the sanctum with the announcement that he did not wish to break his word. He did not stay a minute—he remained a half hour and chatted about various things. He answered my questions with candor that I appreciated. In the thirty minutes he was here I had ample opportunity to study him. During my days on the reportorial staff I have had occasion to interview—ah—attempt to interview more than one millionaire. Often have I trusted with their corps of secretaries, my only reward being a sort of peremptory dismissal with the intelligence that Mr. — had nothing to say. It is indeed a pleasure to meet a man who is entirely free from the pomposity and self importance which generally characterizes men of prominence. Mr. Hammond impressed me as a man who had worked hard for all he has amassed, always bearing in mind that he was rising from among the masses. But Mr. Hammond does not stand alone. Right here in Astoria there are men of affluence who are equally unassuming. I am pleased to say that some, whose whole time is devoted to social life, have none of the snobbish inclinations or insane foppery which is so easily found in the American plutocracy. Astoria is fortunate in not housing any of that element composed of people whose one ambition, on second thought, mania, is to make a brazen show of the wealth they possess.

While speaking of the "cracy" I must not forget the bureaucracy. In Portland there is a Russian nobleman, Count Michael Michaelivitch Barzimoff, of Batoum, Caucasus. Count Barzimoff was of the royal guards of the house of Grand Duke Sergius, previous to the assassination of that official. In 1890, while Sergius was visiting Moscow an attempt was made on his life by nihilists. A man endeavored to throw a bomb. Before he could cast the death-dealing shell Barzimoff rode him down. The bomb exploded killing two of Sergius' attendants and blowing the count about fifty feet. His horse was killed. This was but one of his many splendid acts. He carries a handsome cigarette case given him personally by Emperor

Nicholas, a watch, the present of Sergius and a cloissene scabbarded dagger the present of the Shah of Persia. Count Barzimoff is the accredited representative of the province of Caucasus at the Lewis and Clark exposition. During his first few days in Portland he wore his full regalia. Hearing that it was not customary for foreigners to appear in regalia except at state occasions, he readily changed to the simple apparel of a citizen of the United States. His adoption of the simple life is as thorough as it is simple. He says he is happy to be away from Russia with its rigid ceremonies which accompany court functions and happier still to be among such people as Americans. Count Barzimoff easily explodes the belief that all Russian noblemen are brutes.

The Wise Clock.

Mrs. Naggit (as Mr. Naggit comes in very late)—What time is it, Sebastian? Mr. Naggit (loaded)—Nothin' (hic) nothin'. It's just (hic) got sense enough to (hic) keep quiet.—Exchange.

A Surprise Party.

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